

IDEAS
MIRROR.

AMOVR S
IN QVATORZAINS.

Che serue e tace assai domanda.



AT LONDON,
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2 А З Г І

РУССКИЙ

Gentle Reader correct these faults
escaped in the printing.

А Mour 13. lyne 13. for, by Tempe, reade my Tempe.
Amour 16. line 3. for deluered, reade deliucred.
Amour 34. line 13. for fororne, read forlorne.
Amour 40. line 14. for Goe Bastard, read Goe bastard goe,

To the deere Chyld of the Muses, and
his euer kind Mecænas, Ma. Anthony
Cooke, Esquire.

Vouchsafe to grace these rude vnpolish'd rymes,
Which long (dear friend) haue slept in sable night,
And come abroad now in these glorious tymes,
Can hardly brooke the purenes of the light.

But sith you see their desteny is such,
That in the world theyr fortune they must try,
Perhaps they better shall abide the iuch,
Wearing your name theyr gracious liuery.

Yet these mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor trafique further then thys happy Clyme,
Nor filch from Portes nor from Petrarchs pen,
A fault too common iu thys latter ryme.

Diuine Syr Phillip, Lauouch thy writ,
I am no Pickpurse of anothers wit.

Yours deuoted,
M. Drayton.

ANkor tryumph, vpon whose blessed shore,
The sacred Muses solemnize thy name:
Where the *Arcadian* Swaines with rytes adore
Pandoras poesy, and her liuing fame.

Where first this iolly Sheepheard gan rehearse,
That heauenly worth, vpon his Oaten reede,
Of earths great Queene: in Nectar-dewed verse,
Which none so wise that rightly can areede.

Nowe in conceite of his ambitious loue,
He mounts his thoughts vnto the highest gate,
Straynd with some sacred spirit from aboue,
Bewraies his loue, his fayth, his life, his fate :

In this his myrror of *Ideas* praise,
On whom his thoughts, and fortunes all attend,
Tunes all his Ditties, and his Roundelaies,
How loue begun, how loue shal neuer end.
No wonder though his Muse then soare so hie,
Whose subiect is the Queene of Poesie.

Gorbo il fidele.



Amour. I.

R Eade heere (sweet Mayd) the story of my wo,
The drery abstracts of my endles cares:
With my liues sorow enterlyned so,
Smok'd with my sighes, and blotted with my teares.

The sad memorials of my miseries,
Pend in the griefe of myne afflicted ghost:
My liues complaint in doleful Elegies,
With so pure loue as tyme could neuer boast.

Receauue the incense which I offer heere,
By my strong fayth ascending to thy fame,
My zeale, my hope, my vowes, my praise, my prayer,
My soules oblations to thy sacred name.

Which name my Muse to highest heauen shal raise,
By chast desire, true loue, and vertues praise.

B.

My



Amour. 2.

My fayre, if thou wilt register my loue,
More then worlds volumes shall thereof arise,
Preserue my teares, and thou thy selfe shalt proue
A second flood downe rayning from mine eyes.

Note but my sighes, and thine eyes shal behold,
The Sun-beames smothered with immortall smoke:
And if by thee my prayers may be enrold,
They heauen and earth to pitty shall prouoke.

Looke thou into my breast, and thou shalt see
Chaste holy vowes for my soules sacrifice:
That soule (sweet Maide) which so hath honored thee,
Erecting Trophies to thy sacred eyes.
Those eyes to my hart shining euer bright,
When darknes hath obscur'd each other light.

My



Amour. 3.

My thoughts bred vp with Eagle-birds of loue,
And for their vertues I desierd to know,
Vpon the nest I set them, forth to proue,
If they were of the Eagles kinde or no.

But they no sooner saw my Sunne appeare,
But on her rayes with gazing eyes they stood,
Which proou'd my birds delighted in the ayre,
And that they came of this rare kinglie brood.

But now their plumes full sumd with sweet desire,
To shew their kinde, began to clime the skies:
Doe what I could my Eaglets would aspire,
Straight mounting vp to thy celestiall eyes.
And thus (my faire) my thoughts away be flowne,
And from my breast into thine eyes be gone.

B 2

My



Amour. 4.

My faire, had I not erst adornd my Lute,
With those sweet strings stolne frō thy golden hayre,
Vnto the world had all my ioyes been mute,
Nor had I learn'd to descant on my faire.

Had not mine eye seene thy Celestiall eye,
Nor my hart knowne the power of thy name,
My soule had ne'r felt thy Diuinitie,
Nor my Muse been the trumpet of thy fame.

But thy diuine perfections by their skill,
This miracle on my poore Muse haue tried:
And by inspiring, glorifide my quill,
And in my verse thy selfe art deified.
Thus from thy selfe the cause is thus deriued,
That by thy fame all fame shall be suruiued.

Since



Since holy Vestall lawes haue been neglected,
The Gods pure fire hath been extinguisht quite:
No Virgine once attending on that light,
Nor yet those heauenly secrets once respected.

Till thou alone to pay the heauens their dutie,
Within the Temple of thy sacred name,
With thine eyes kindling that Celestial flame,
By those reflecting Sun-beames of thy beautie.

Here Chastity that Vestall most diuine,
Attends that Lampe with eye which neuer sleepeth,
The volumes of Religions lawes shee keepeth,
Making thy breast that sacred reliques shryne,
Where blessed Angels singing day and night,
Praise him which made that fire, which lends that light

-B 3.

In



Amour. 6.

In one whole world is but one Phœnix found,
A Phœnix thou, this Phœnix then alone,
By thy rare plume thy kind is easly knowne, (cround,
With heauenly colours dide, with natures wonder

Heape thine own vertues seasoned by their sunne,
On heauenlie top of thy diuine desire:
Then with thy beautie set the same on fire,
So by thy death, thy life shall be begunne.

Thy selfe thus burned in this sacred flame,
With thine owne sweetnes al the heauens perfuming,
And stil increasing as thou art consuming,
Shalt spring againe from th'ashes of thy fame;
And mounting vp, shalt to the heauens ascend,
So maist thou liue, past world, past fame, past end.

Stay



Amour. 7.

Stay, stay, sweet Time, behold or ere thou passe
From world to world, thou long hast sought to see,
That wonder now wherein all wonders be,
Where heauen beholds her in a mortall glasse.

Nay, looke thee Time in this Celestiall glasse,
And thy youth past, in this faire mirror see:
Behold worlds Beautie in her infancie,
VVhat shee was then, and thou or ere shee was.

Now passe on Time, to after-worlds tell this,
Tell truelie Time what in thy time hath beene,
That they may tel more worlds what Time hath seene,
And heauen may ioy to think on past worlds blisse.
Heere make a Period Time, and saie for me,
She was, the like that never was, nor never more shalbe.

Vntc



Amour. 8.

Vnto the World, to Learning, and to Heauen,
Three nines there are, to euerie one a nine,
One number of the earth, the other both diuine,
One wonder woman now makes 3. od nûbers euene.

Nine orders first of Angels be in heauen,
Nine Muses doe with learning still frequent:
These with the Gods are euer resident:
Nine worthy men vnto the world were giuen.
My Worthie, one to these nine Worthies, addeth,
And my faire Muse, one Muse vnto the nine:
And my good Angell in my soule diuine,
With one more order, these nine orders gladdeth.
My Muse, my Worthy, and my Angell then,
Makes euery one of these three nines a ten.

Beautie



Amour. 9.

Beauty sometime in all her glory crowned,
Passing by that cleere fountaine of thine eye:
Her sun-shine face there chaunsing to espy,
Forgot herselfe, and thought she had been drowned.

And thus whilst Beautie on her beauty gazed,
Who then yet liuing, deemd she had been dying,
And yet in death, some hope of life espying,
At her own rare perfections so amazed;
Twixt ioy and griefe, yet with a smyling frowning,
The glorious sun-beames of her eyes bright shining,
And shee on her owne destiny diuining,
Threw in herselfe, to saue herselfe by drowning.
The Well of Nectar, pau'd with pearle and gold,
Where shee remaines for all eyes to behold.

C.

Oft



Amour. 10.

Oft taking pen in hand, with words to cast my woes,
Beginning to account the sum of all my cares,
I well perceiue my griefe innumerable growes,
And styll in reckonings rise more millions of dispayres.
And thus deuiding of my fatall howres,
The payments of my loue I read, and reading crosse,
And in substracting, set my sweets vnto my sowres,
Th'arerage of my ioyes, directs me to my losse.
And thus mine eyes, a debtor to thine eye,
Who by extortiōn gaineth all theyr lookes,
My hart hath payd such grieuous vsury,
That all her wealth lyes in thy Beauties bookeſ.
And all is ~~done~~ which hath been due to mee,
And I a Banckrupt quite vndone by thce.

Thine



Amour. II.

Thine eyes taught mee the Alphabet of loue,
To con my Crof-rowe ere I learn'd to spell:
For I was apt a scholler like to proue,
Gave mee sweet lookes when as I learned well.

Vowes vvere my vowels when I then begun
At my first Lesson in thy sacred name,
My consonants the next when I had done,
Words consonant, and sounding to thy fame.

My liquids then were liquid christall teares,
My cares my mutes so mute to craue relief,
My dolefull Dypthongs were my liues dispaires,
Redoubling sighes the accents of my griefe:
My loues Schoole-mistris now hath taught me so,
That I can reade a story of my woe.

C 2

Some



Amour. 12.

Some Athiest or vile Infidell in loue,
When I doe speake of thy diuinitie,
May blasphemē thus, and say, I flatter thee:
And onely write, my skill in verse to proue.

See myracles, yee vnbeleuuing see,
A dumbe-borne Muse made to expresse the mind,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame by kind,
One by thy name, the other touching thee.

Blind were mine eyes, till they were seene of thine,
And mine eares deafe, by thy fame healed be,
My vices cur'd, by vertues sprung from thee,
My hopes reuiu'd which long in graue had lyne.
All vnclean thoughts, foule spirits cast out in mee,
By thy great power, and by strong fayth in thee.

Cleere



Amour. 13.

Cleere *Ankor*, on whose siluer-sanded shore,
My soule-shrinde Saint, my faire *Idea* lyes:
O blessed Brooke, whose milk-white Swans adore
That christall stremme refined by her eyes.

Where sweet Myrh-breathing *Zephyre* in the spring,
Gently distils his Nectar-dropping showers:
Where Nightingals in *Arden* fit and sing,
Amongst those dainty dew-empearled flowers.

Say thus fayre Brooke when thou shalt see thy Queene,
Loe, heere thy Shepheard spent his wandring yeeres:
And in these shades (deer Nimphe) he oft hath been,
And heere to thee he sacrific'd his teares.

Fayre *Arden*, thou by *Tempe* art alone,
And thou sweet *Ankor* art my *Helicon*.

C. 3.

Lookin



Amour. 14.

Looking into the glasse of my youths miseries,
I see the vgly face of my deformed cares,
With withered browes, all wrinckled with dispaires,
That for my mis-spent youth the tears fel frō my eyes.
Then in these teares, the mirrors of these eyes,
Thy fayrest youth and Beautie doe I see,
Imprinted in my teares by looking still on thee:
Thus midſt a thousand woes, ten thousand ioyes arise.
Yet in these ioyes, the shadowes of my good,
In this fayre limmed ground as white as snow,
Paynted the blackest Image of my woe,
With murthering hands imbrud in mine own blood.
And in thys ~~Image~~ ^{his} darke clowdy eyes,
My life, my youth, my loue, I heere Anotamize.

Now



Amour. 15.

Now Loue, if thou wilt proue a Conqueror,
Subdue thys Tyrant euer martyring mee,
And but appoint me for her Tormentor,
Then for a Monarch will I honour thee.

My hart shall be the prison for my fayre,
Ile fetter her in chaines of purest loue,
My sighes shall stop the passage of the ayre:
This punishment the pittilesse may moue.

With teares out of the Channels of mine eyes,
She st quench her thirst as duly as they fall:
Kinde words vnkindest meate I can deuise,
My sweet, my faire, my good, my best of all.

Ile binde her then with my torn e~~tressed~~ haire,
And racke her with a thousand holy wishes,
Then on a place prepared for her there,
Ile execute her with a thousand kisses.

Thus will I crucifie my cruell shee,
Thus Ile plague her which so hath plagued mee.

Amour. 16.

Vertues Idea in virginitie,
By inspiration, came conceau'd with thought:
The time is come deluered she must be,
Where first my Loue into the world was brought.

Vnhappy Borne, of all vnhappy day,
So luckles was my Babes nativity:
Saturne chiefe Lord of the Ascendant lay,
The wandring Moone in earths triplicitie.

Now, or by chaunce, or heauens hic prouidence,
His Mother died, and by her Legacie,
(Fearing the stars presaged influence,) .
Bequeath'd his wardship to my soueraignes eye;

Wherē hunger starthen, wanting lookes to liue,
Still empty gorg'd, with cares consumption pynde,
Salt luke-warme teares shee for his drinke did giue,
And euer-more with sighes he supt and dynde.
And thus (poore Orphan) lying in distresse,
Yes in his pangs, God helpe the motherlesse.

If

Amour. 17.

If euer wonder could report a wonder,
Or tongue of wonder worth could tell a wonder thought,
Or euer ioy expresse, what perfect ioy hath taught,
Then wonder, tongue, then ioy, might wel report a wonder.

Could all conceite conclude, which past conceite admireth,
Or could mine eye but ayme, her obiects past perfection,
My words might imitate my dearest thoughts direction:
And my soule then obtaine which so my soule desireth.

VVere not Inuention stauld, treading Inuentions maze,
Or my swift-winged Muse tyred by too hic flying,
Did not perfection still on her perfection gaze,
VVhilst Loue (my Phœnix bird) in her own flame is dying,
Inuention and my Muse, perfection and her loue,
Should teach the world to know the wonder that I proue.

D.

Some



Amour. 18.

Some when in ryme they of th. xir Loties doe tell,
With flames and lightning their exordiums paynt,
Some inuocate the Gods, some spirits of Hell,
And heauen, and earth, doe with their woes acquaint.

Elizia is too hie a seate for mee,
I wyll not come in *Stixe* nor *Pblegiton*,
The Muses nice, the Furies cruell be,
I lyke not *Limbo*, nor blacke *Acheron*,
Spightfull *Errinis* frights mee with her lookes,
My manhood dares not with foule *Ate* mell,
I quake to looke on *Hecats* charming booke,
I styll feare bugbeares in *Apollos* Cell.
I passe not for *Minerua* nor *Astræa*,
But euer call vpon diuine *Idea*.

K



Amour. 19.

If those ten Regions registered by Fame,
By theyr ten Sibils haue the world controll,
Who prophecie of Christ or ere he came,
And of hys blessed birth before fore-told.

That man-god now of whom they dyd diuine,
This earth of those sweet Prophets hath bereft,
And since the world to iudgement doth declyne,
In steed of ten, one Sibil to vs left.

Thys, pure *Idea*, vertues right *Idea*,
Shee of whom *Merlin* long tyme did fore-tell,
Excelling her of *Delphos* or *Cumæa*,
Whose lyfe doth sauue a thousand soules from hell:
That life (I meane) which doth Religion teach,
And by example, true repentance preach.

D 2

Reading



Amour. 20.

Reading sometyme, my sorrowes to beguile,
I find old Poets hylls and floods admire.
One, he doth wonder monster-breeding *Nyle*,
Another, meruailes Sulphure *Aetna*as fire.

Now broad-brymd *Indus*, then of *Pindus* height,
Pelion and *Ossa*, frosty *Caucase* old,
The Delian *Cynthus*, then *Olympus* weight,
Slow *Arrer*, frantick *Gallus*, *Cydnus* cold.

Some *Ganges*, *Ister*, and of *Tagus* tell,
Some whir-poole *Po*, and slyding *Hypasis*,
Some old *Pernassus*, where the Muses dwell,
Some *Helycon*, and some faire *Simois*,
A fooles thinke I, had you *Idea* seene,
Poore Brookes and Banks had no such wonders beene.

Letters



Amour. 21.

Letters and lynes we see are soone defaced,
Mettles doe waste, and fret with cankers rust,
The Diamond shall once consume to dust,
And freshest colours with foule staines disgraced.

Paper and yncke, can paynt but naked words,
To write with blood, offorce offendes the sight,
And if with teares, I find them all too light:
And sighes and signes a silly hope affoords.

O sweetest shadow, how thou seru'st my turne,
Which still shalt be as long as there is Sunne,
Nor whilst the world is, neuer shall be done, (burne.
Whilst Moone shall shyne by night, or any fire shall
That euery thing whence shadow doth proceede,
May in his shadow my Loues story reade.

D 3

My



Amour. 122.

My hart imprisoned in a hopeles Isle,
Peopled with Armies of pale iealous eyes,
The shores beset with thousand secret spyes,
Must passe by ayre, or else dye in exile.

He framd him wings with feathers of his thought,
Which by theyr nature learn'd to mount the skye,
And with the same he practised to flye,
Till he himselfe thys Eagles art had taught.

Thus soring still, not looking once below,
So neere thynce eyes celestiall sunne aspyred,
That with the rayes his wasting pyncons fired.
Thus was the wanton cause of hysowne woe.
Downe fell he in thy Beauties Ocean drenched,
Yet there he burnes, in fire that's never quenched.

Wonder



Amour. 23

Wonder of Heauen, glasse of diuinitie,
Rare beauty, Natures ioy, perfections Mother,
The worke of that vnited Trinitie,
VVherein each fayrest part excelleth other.

Loues Methridate, the purest of perfection,
Celestiall Image, Load-stone of desire,
The soules delight, the sences true direction,
Sunne of the world, thou hart reuyuing fire.

Why shouldst thou place thy Trophies in those eyes,
Which scorne the honor that is done to thee,
Or make my pen her name imortalize,
Who in her pride sdaynes once to looke on mee.
It is thy heauen within her face to dwell,
And in thy heauen, there onely is my hell.

Our



Amour. 24.

Our floods- Queene *Thames*, for shyps & Swans is crow-
And stately *Seuerne*, for her shores is praised, (ned,
The christall *Trent*, for Foords & fishe renowned,
And *Auons* fame, to *Albyons* Cliues is rayfed.

Carlegion Chester, vaunts her holy *Dee*,
Yorke, many wonders of her *Ouse* can tell,
The *Peake* her *Doue*, whose bancks so fertill bee,
And *Kent* will say, her *Medway* doth excell.

Cotswold commends her *Isis* and her *Tame*,
Our Northern borders boast of *Tweeds* faire flood,
Our Westerne parts extoll theyr *WVilys* fame,
And old *Legea* brags of *Danish* blood:
Ardens sweet *Ankor* let thy glory be,
That fayre *Idea* shée doth liue by thee.

The



Amour. 25.

The glorious sunne went blushing to his bed,
When my soules sunne from her fayre Cabynet,
Her golden beames had now discouered,
Lightning the world, eclipsed by his set.

Some inuz'd to see the earth enuy the ayre,
Which from her lyps exhal'd refined sweet,
A wold to see, yet how he ioyd to heare
The dainty grasse make musicke with her feete.

But my most meruaile was when from the skyes,
So Comet-like each starre aduaunc'd her lyght,
As though the heauen had now awak'd her eyes,
And summond Angels to thys blessed sight.

No clowde was seene, but christaline the ayre,
Laughing for ioy vpon my louely fayre,

E.

Cupid



Amour. 25.

Cupid, dumbe Idoll, peccuſh Saint of loue,
No more ſhalt thou nor Saint nor Idoll be,
No God art thou, a Goddess ſhee doth proue,
Of all thine honour ſhee hath robbed thee.

Thy Bowe halfe broke, is peec'd with olde desire,
Her Bowe is beauty, with ten thouſand strings,
Of pureſt gold, tempreſt with vertues fire:
The leaſt able to kyll an hoſte of Kings..

Thy ſhafts be ſpent, and ſhee (to warre appointed)
Hydes in thoſe christall quiuers of her eyes,
More Arrowes with hart-piercing mettel poynted,
Then there be ſtarres at midnight in the ſkyes.
With theſe, ſhe ſteales mens harts for her reliefe,
Yet happy he that's robd of ſuch a thiefe.

My



Amour. 27

My loue makes hote the fire whose heat is spent,
The water, moysture from my teares deriueth:
And my strong sighes, the ayres weake force reuiueth.
This loue, tears, sighes, maintaine each one his element.

The fire, vnto my loue, compare a painted fire,
The water, to my teares, as drops to Oceans be,
The ayre, vnto my sighes, as Eagle to the flie,
The passions of dispaire, but ioyes to my desire.

Onely my loue is in the fire ingraued,
Onely my teares by Oceans may be gessed,
Onely my sighes are by the ayre expressed,
Yet fire, water, ayre, of nature not depriued.

Whilst fire, water, ayre, twixt heauen & earth shal be,
My loue, my teares, my sighes, extinguisht cannot be.

E 2

Somc



Amour. 28.

Some wits there be, which lyke my method well;
And say my verse runnes in a lofty vayne,
Some say I haue a passing pleasing straine,
Some say that in my humor I excell.

Some, who reach not the height of my conceite,
They say, (as Poets doe) I vse to fayne,
And in bare words paynt out my passions payne.
Thus sundry men, their sundry minds repeate.

I passe not I how men affected be,
Nor who commend or discommend my verse,
It pleaseth me if I my plaints rehearse,
And in my lynes if shee my loue may see.

I proue my verse autentique still in thys,
Who writes my Mistres praise, can neuer write amisse.



Amour. 29.

O eyes, behold your happy *Hesperus*,
That luckie Load-starre of eternall light,
Left as that sunne alone to comfort vs,
When our worlds sunne is vanisht out of sight.

O starre of starres, fayre Planet mildly moouing,
O Lampe of vertue, sun-bright, cuer shyning,
O mine eyes Comet, so admir'd by louing,
O clearest day-starre, neuer more declyning.

O our worlds wonder, crowne of heauen aboue,
Thrice happy be those eyes which may behold thee,
Lou'd more then life, yet onely art his loue,
Vvhose glorious hand immortall hath enrold thee.
O blessed fayre, now vaile those heauenly eyes,
That I may blesse mee at thy sweet arise.

E 3

Three



Amour. 30.

Three sorts of Serpents doe resemble thee,
That daungerous eye-killing Cockatrice,
Th' inchaunting Syren, which doth so entice,
The weeping Crocodile: these vile pernicious three.

The Basiliske his nature takes from thee,
Who for my life in secrete waite do'st lye,
And to my hart send'st poyson from thine eye,
Thus do I feele the paine, the cause, yet cannot see.

aire-mayd no more, but Mayr-maid be thy name,
Who with thy sweet aluring harmony
Hast playd the thiefe, and stolne my hart from me,
And like a Tyrant mak'st my grieve thy game.
Thou Crocodile, who when thou hast me slaine,
Ament'st my death, with teares of thy disdaine.

Sitting



Amour. 31.

Sitting alone, loue bids me goe and write,
Reason plucks backe, commaunding me to stay,
Boasting that shee doth still direct the way,
Els senceles loue could neuer once endite.

Loue growing angry, vexed at the spleene,
And scorning Reasons maymed Argument,
Straight taxeth Reason, wanting to inuent,
Where shee with Loue conuersing hath not beeene.

Reason reproched with this coy disdaine,
Dispighteth Loue, and laugheth at her folly,
And Loue contemning Reasons reason wholy,
Thought her in weight too light by many a graine.
Reason put back, doth out of sight remoue,
And Loue alone finds reason in my loue.

Thos



Amour. 32.

Those teares which quench my hope, still kindle my desire,
Those sighes which coble my hart, are coles vnto my loue,
Disdayne Ice to my life, is to my soule a fire,
VVith teares, sighes, & disdaine, thys contrary I proue.

Quenchles desire, makes hope burne, dryes my teares,
Loue heats my hart, my hart-heat my sighes warmth,
VVith my soules fire, my life disdaine out-weares,
Desire, my loue, my soule, my hope, hart, & life charmeth.

My hope becomes a friend to my desire,
My hart imbraceth Loue, Loue doth imbrace my hart,
My life a Phoenix is in my soules fire,
From thence (they vow) they neuer will depart,
Desire, my loue, my soule, my hope, my hart, my life,
VVith teares, sighes, and disdaine, shall haue immortal strife.

VVhilst



Amour. 33.

VVhilst thus mine eyes doe surfe^t with delight,

My wofull hart imprisond in my breast,

VVishing to be trans-formd into my sight,

To looke on her by whom mine eyes are blest.

But whilst mine eyes thus greedily doe gaze,

Behold, their obiects ouer-foone depart,

And treading in thys neuer-ending maze,

VVish now to be trans-formd into my hart.

My hart surcharg'd with thoughts, sighes in abundance raise,

My eyes madedim with lookes, poure down a flood of tears,

And whilst my hart and eye, enuy each others praise,

My dying lookes and thoughts are peiz'd in equall feares.

And thus whilst sighes and teares together doe contend^e,

Each one of these, doth ayde vnto the other lende.

F.

My



Amour. 34.

My fayre, looke from those turrets of thine eyes,
Into the Ocean of a troubled minde,
Where my poore soule, the Barke of sorrow lyes,
Left to the mercy of the waues and winde.

See where shee flotes, laden with purest loue,
Which those fayre Islands of thy lookes affoord,
Desiring yet a thousand deaths to proue,
Then so to cast her Ballase ouer boord.

See how her sayles be rent, her tacklings worne,
Her Cable broke, her surest Anchor lost,
Her Marryners doe leauue her all fororne,
Yet how shee bends towards that blessed Coast.

Loe where she drownes, in stormes of thy displeasure,
Whose worthy prize should haue enrichth thy treasure.

Sec



Amour. 35.

See chaste *Diana*, where my harmles hart,
Rouz'd froin my breast, his sure and safest layre,
Nor chaste by hound, nor forc'd by Hunters arte,
Yet see how right he comes vnto my fayre.

See how my Deere comes to thy Beauties stand,
And there stands gazing on those darting eyes,
Whilst from theyr rayes by Cupids skilfull hand,
Into his hart the piercing Arrow fleyes.

See how hee lookes vpon his bleeding wound,
Whilst thus he panteth for his latest breath,
And looking on thee, falls vpon the ground,
Smyling, as though he gloried in his death.
And wallowing in his blood, some lyfe yet laft,
His stone-cold lips doth kisse the blessed shaft.

F 2

Swcc



Amour. 36.

Sweete sleepe so arm'd wth Beauties arrowes darting,
Sleepe in thy Beauty, Beauty in sleepe appeareth,
Sleepe lightning Beauty, Beauty sleepes darknes clearereth,
Sleepes wonder Beauty, wonders to worlds imparting.

Sleep watching Beauty, Beauty waking, sleepe guarding,
Beauty in sleepe, sleepe in Beauty charmed,
Sleepes aged coldnes, with Beauties fire warmed,
Sleepe with delight, Beauty with loue rewarding..

Sleepe and Beauty, with equall forces stryuing,
Beauty her strength vnto sleepes weaknes lending,
Sleepe with Beauty, Beauty with sleepe contending,
Yet others force, the others force reviuing:

And others foe, the others foe imbrace,
Myne eyes beheld thys conflict in thy face.

I



Amour. 37.

I euer loue, where neuuer hope appeares,
Yet hope drawes on my neuuer-hoping care,
And my liues hope would die but for dyspaire,
My neuuer certaine ioy, breeds euer-certaine feares.

Vncertaine-dread, gyues wings vnto my hope,
Yet my hopes wings are loden so with feare,
As they cannot ascend to my hopes spheare,
Yet feare gyues them more then a heauenly scope:

Yet thys large roome is bounded with dyspaire,
So my loue is styll fettered with vaine hope,
And lyberty deprives hym of hys scope,
And thus am I imprison'd in the ayre;
Then sweet Dispaire, awhile hold vp thy head,
Or all my hope for sorrow will be dead.

F 3.

If



Amour. 38.

If chaste and pure deuotion of my youth,
Or glorie of my Aprill-springing yeeres,
Vnfained loue, in naked simple truth,
A thousand vowes, a thousand sighes and teares:

Or if a world of faithfull seruice done,
Words, thoughts and deeds deuoted to her honor,
Or eyes that haue beheld her as theyr sunne,
With admiration, euer looking on her.

A lyfe, that neuer ioyd but in her loue,
A soule, that euer hath ador'd her name,
A fayth, that time nor fortune could not moue,
A Muse, that vnto heauen hath raisd her fame.

Though these, nor these deserue to be imbraced,
Yet faire vnkinde, too good to be disgraced.

Die,



Amour. 39.

Die, die, my soule, and neuuer taste of ioy,
If sighes, nor teares, nor vowes, nor prayers can moue,
If fayth and zeale be but esteemd a toy,
And kindnes, be vnkindnes in my loue.

Then with vnkindnes, Loue reuenge thy wrong,
O sweet'st reuenge that ere the heauens gaue,
And with the Swan record thy dying song,
And praise her still to thy vntimely graue.

So in loues death shall loues perfection proue,
That loue diuine which I haue borne to you,
By doome concealed to the heauens aboue,
That yet the world vnworthy neuuer knewe,
Whose pure *Idea* neuuer tongue exprest,
I feele, you know, the heauens can tell the rest.



Amour. 40.

O thou vnkyndest fayre, most fayrest shee,
In thine eyes tryumph murthering my poore hart,
Now doe I sweare by heauens, before we part,
My halfe-slaine hart shall take reuenge on thee.

Thy Mother dyd her lyfe to Death resigne,
And thou an Angell art, and from aboue,
Thy father was a man, that will I proue,
Yet thou a Goddess art, and so diuine.

And thus if thou be not of humaine kinde,
A Bastard on both sides needes must thou be,
Our Lawes allow no Land to basterdy:
By natures Lawes we thee a Bastard finde.

Then hence to heauen vnkind, for thy childs part,
Goe Bastard, for sure of thence thou art.

Rare



Amour. 41.

Rare of-spring of my thoughts, my dearest Loue,
Begot by fancy, on sweet hope exhortiue,
In whom all purenes with perfection stroue,
Hurt in the Embryon, makes my ioyes abhortiue.

And you my sighes, Symtomas of my woe,
The dolefull Anthems of my endlesse care,
Lyke idle Ecchoes euer aunswering: so,
The mournfull accents of my loues dispayre.

And thou Conceite, the shadow of my blisse,
Declyning with the setting of my sunne,
Springing with that, and fading straight with this,
Now hast thou end, and now thou wast begun.

Now was thy pryme, and loe, now is thy waine,
Now wast thou borne, now in thy cradle slayne.

G

Plac'd



Amour. 42

?lac'd in the soflorne hope of all dispayre,
Against the Forte where Beauties Army lies,
Assayld with death, yet arm'd with gashly feare,
Loethus my loue, my lyfe, my fortune tryes.

Wounded with Arrowes from thy lightning eyes,
My tongue in payne, my harts counsels bewraying,
My rebell thought for me in Ambushe lyes,
To my loues foe her Chieftaine still betraying.

Record my loue in Ocean waues (vnkind,)
Cast my desarts into the open ayre,
Commit my words vnto the fleeting wind,
Cancell my name, and blot it with dispayre,
So shall I be, as I had neuer beene,
Nor my disgraces to the world be seene.

Why



Amour. 43.

Why doe I speake of ioy, or write of loue,
When my hart is the very Den of horror,
And in my soule the paynes of hell I proue,
With all his torments and infernall terror.

Myne eyes want teares thus to bewayle my woe,
My brayne is dry with weeping all too long,
My sighes be spent with griefe and sighing so,
And I want words for to expresse my wrong.

But still distracted in loues Lunacy,
And Bedlam like thus rauing in my griefe,
Now rayle vpon her hayre, now on her eye,
Now call her Goddess, then I call her thiefe,
Now I deny her, then I doe confesse her,
Now doe I curse her, then againe I blesse her.

G 2

My



Amour. 44.

My hart the Anuile where my thoughts doe beate,
My words the hammers, fashioning my desires,
My breast the forge, including all the heate,
Loue is the fuell which maintaines the fire.

My sighes, the bellowes which the flame increaseth,
Filling myne eares with noyse and nightly groning,
Toylng with paine, my labour never ceaseth,
In greevous passions my woes styll bemoning.

Myne eyes with teares against the fire stryuing,
With scorching gleed my hart to cynders turneth:
But with those drops the coles againe reuyuing,
Still more and more vnto my torment burneth.
With *Sisiphus* thus doe I role the stone,
And turne the wheele with damned *Ixion*.

Blacke



Amour. 45

Blacke pytchy Night, companyon of my woe,
The Inne of care, the Nurse of drery sorrow,
Why lengthnest thou thy darkeſt howres ſo,
Still to prolong my long tyme looکt-for morrow?

Thou Sable shadow, Image of dispayre,
Portraite of hell, the ayres black mourning weed,
Recorder of reuenge, remembrancer of care,
The shadow and the vaile of euery ſinfull deed.

Death like to thee, ſo lyue thou ſtill in death,
The graue of ioy, pryon of dayes delight,
Let heauens withdraw their ſweet Ambrozian breath,
Nor Moone nor stars lend thee their ſhining light.
For thou alone renew'ſt that olde desire,
Which ſtill torments me in daye's burning fire.

G 3.

Sweet



Amour. 46.

Sweet secrecie, what tongue can tell thy worth?
What mortall pen suffyciently can prayse thee?
What curious Pensill serues to lim thee forth?
What Muse hath power, aboue thy height to raise thee?
Strong locke of kindnesse, Closet of loues store,
Harts Methridate, the soules preseruatiue,
O vertue, which all vertues doe adore,
Cheefe good, from whom all good things we deriue.
O rare effect, true bond of friendships measure,
Conceite of Angels, which all wisdom teachest,
O richest Casket of all heauenly treasure,
In secret silence, which such wonders preachest,
O purest mrror, wherein men may see
The liuely Image of Diuinitie.

The



Amour. 47.

The golden Sunne vpon his fiery wheeles,
The horned Ram doth in his course awake:
And of iust length our night and day doth make,
Flinging the Fishes backward with his heeles.

Then to the Tropicke takes his full Careere,
Trotting his sun-steeds till the Palfrays sweat,
Bayting the Lyon in his furious heat,
Till Virgins smyles doe sound his sweet reeere.

But my faire Planet, who directs me still,
Vnkindly, such distemprature doth bring,
Makes Summer Winter, Autumne in the Spring,
Crossing sweet nature by vnruyl will.

Such is the sunne, who guides my youthfull season,
Whose thwarting course, deprives the world of reason.

Who



Amour. 48.

Who list to praise the dayes delicious lyght,
Let him compare it to her heauenly eye
The sun-beames to that lustre of her sight,
So may the learned like the similie.

The mornings Crimson, to her lyps alike,
The sweet of *Eden*, to her breathies perfume,
The fayre *Elizia*, to her fayrer cheeke,
Vnto her veynes, the onely *Phoenix* plume.

The Angels tresses, to her tressed hayre,
The *Galixia*, to her more then white:
Praysing the fayrest, compare it to my faire,
Still naming her, in naming all delight.
So may he grace all these in her alone,
Superlatiue in all comparison.

Lines



Amour. 49.

Define my loue, and tell the ioyes of heauen,

Expresse my woes, and shew the paynes of hell,

Declare what fate vnlucky starres haue giuen,

And aske a world vpon my life to dwell.

Make knowne that fayth, vnkindnes could not moue,

Compare my worth with others base desert,

Let vertue be the tuch-stone of my loue,

So may the heauens reade wonders in my hart.

Behold the Clowdes which haue eclips'd my sunne,

And view the crosses which my course doth let,

Till mee, if ever since the world begunne,

So faire a Morning had so foule a set?

And by all meanes, let black vnkindnes proue,

The patience of so rare diuine a loue.

H.

When



Amour. 50.

When first I ended, then I first began,

The more I travell, furth'r from my rest,

Where most I lost, th're most of all I wan,

Pyned with hunger, rysing from a feast.

Mee thinks I flee, yet want I legs to goe,

Wise in conceite, in acte a very sot,

Rauisht with ioy, amidst a hell of woe,

What most I see me, that surest am I not.

I build my hopes, a world aboue the skye,

Yet with the Mole, I creepe into the earth,

In plenty, am I staru'd with penury,

And yet I surfe in the greatest dearth.

I haue, I want, dispayre, and yet desire,

Burn'd in a Sea of Ice, & drown'd amidst a fire.

Goe



Amour. 51.

Goe you my lynes, Embassadors of loue,
With my harts trybute to her conquering eyes,
From whence, if you one teare of pitty moue
For all my woes, that onely shall suffise.

When you *Minerua* in the sunne behold,
At her perfection stand you then and gaze,
Where, in the compasse of a Marygold,
Meridianis sits within a maze.

And let Inuention of her beauty vaunt,
When *Dorus* sings his sweet *Pamelas* loue,
And tell the Gods, *Mars* is predominant.
Seated with *Sol*, and weares *Minerua*es gloue.
And tell the world, that in the world there is
A heauen on earth, on earth no heauen but this.

F I N I S.

